THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

BY THE EASY CLUB.

Let cottagers and unenlighten'd swains
Revere the laws they dream that heav'n ordains,
Resort on Sundays to the house of pray'r,
And ask, and fancy they find blessings there. COWPER.

The evil complained of in the following letters we have d for sometime under consideration, in consequence of e many urgent communications on the subject which we ve from time to time received; as to the propriety of the y police providing a remedy, we shall not pretend to lge; but it is our duty to notice the inconvenience of the ctice, and censure the authors of it, many of whom haps do not reflect, that while they are neglecting one the sacred duties of a christian, and in a certain degree faning the Sabbath day, they are also preventing the usly disposed from receiving the benefit of religious in- uction, and disturbing their sacred meditations. As ne of the delinquents may feel more forcibly the effect of icule than serious admonition, we shall insert the letters we received them, reserving some that appear to be re pointed, until we see what effect is produced by the sent admonition.

r. Easy,

Knowing that you are a friend to the religious institu- ns of our country, and a very ardent lover of quiet and ose, I chuse to address to *you* the following complaint. am so unfashionable as to attend public worship on every rd's day, and believe that I can produce more solid rea- ns to justify this practice than can be furnished by any *irl-a-gig* fellow of the city in defence of the common de of killing the first day of the week. I do not wish to prescribe to others the mode in which that day should be occupied, (though as a christian I hold it my duty to recommend that which I myself but too imperfectly follow,) yet I think it but reasonable, that those who are let loose in our streets, in gigs and other carriages, should be prevented from interrupting those who are assembled in the churches. They at least ought to be undisturbed on a day by christians held sacred to rest and devotion. I know not how those hear who attend certain churches in very public situations or how much of the sermon they are able to take away with them, but in that church which I attend, although in a retired situation, the noise of carriages is so loud and frequent that a great part of the sermon would be lost if our preacher did not very considerately pause until they are out of hearing.

Now, Mr. Easy, I will thank you to inform our council men that this evil ought to be remedied by them. In Philadelphia and in all well regulated cities, those streets in which there are churches have chains across so as to prevent carriages from passing that way. If their worships do not approve of this remedy, I will propose another, which I am sure will meet their approbation; as there can be no greater punishment to the wicked than to be compelled to remain in the company of the good and to hear lessons of religion and virtue, I would propose, that every person who shall wantonly and wickedly ride in a gig or other carriage past any of the churches during the hours of public worship, shall be immediately seized by some constable or other officer, carried into the nearest church and condemned to hear a sermon. I am confident that either of the proposed remedies would be effectual. Let their worships chuse.

Do not, Mr. Easy, forget my complaint, but bear witness to its truth, tell their honors that in my proposal I have no insidious design against *Sunday Liberty*; but that I only wish for some wholesome restraint upon the modern Jehu's, that christians may worship in peace. Ask their

honors if they have ever seen dancing without music; that, you may assure them, is not more insipid, than to see the preacher without being able to hear him. HELA.

Mr. Easy,

I will thank you to inform our city police that we are very much disturbed in our churches by the noise of carriages; something must be done to remove this inconvenience. I have during the greater part of a long life, gone to church twice every Sunday, that I might set a goodly example before our young generation. For I consider religion necessary to society. And although I cannot say that it makes me any better than I would be without it, yet it is a very convenient thing to keep the vulgar and the ignorant from committing crimes. Now, Mr. Easy, you may tell the council men that unless they do something to remove the evil complained of, I shall no longer give religion the aid of my example, but hereafter take my afternoon's nap in my own back room. Our churches are at present so noisy that I have no rest whatever. I might as well attempt to sleep in a mill or in the neighbourhood of a forge hammer. SOMNUS.

Mr. Easy,

I am a young man, who from religious motives, am in the habit of attending Christ-church, at least once on the Sabbath day; and having long suffered the inconvenience to which that congregation is subject, from the noise of the carriages passing and repassing during the time of worship; I have thought proper to make my complaint to you.

Last Sunday I took my station near one of the doors, in order if possible to discover who are the disturbers; and I found, that the greater part of the carriages which passed the church, were gigs and hacks, the former burthened with bucks, and the latter with sailors and their lasses; all driving Jehu like. The noise occasioned by them was so great at times, that it was impossible to hear the Clergyman, or indeed the organ and choir with any satisfaction.

Now, sir, I shall wait the result of my complaint in the Companion, and if no effect is produced, either by their going round to one of the other bridges or by driving more gently; I will positively take my station outside the church and with my paper and pencil take down the number of every hack, and the initials of every gig or family carriage, and offer them to you for publication; this will touch the feelings of the higher order if they have any, and as for the hacks, I for one, will never employ one in the week time, whose driver does not behave with common decency on the Sabbath.

Yours, Y.

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 308.)

" O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze,
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace—
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn---" ANON.

DEMONSTRATION. I.

The books of the Old Testament are authentic and divinely inspired. There is an inseperable connection between Moses and those prophets who succeeded him; if Moses was divinely inspired, those who partook of his spirit were the sent of God. The principal part of the evidence on this particular proof will consist in evincing that the books which Moses left were a revelation from heaven; on the remaining prophets a few cursory remarks only will be made.

All the profane authors who have recurred to the best sources of historical information, as well Jews as Christians, allow that Moses is the most ancient author in the world: he was the legislator of the Hebrews; and lived and wrote in an age considerably preceding the time in which the fabled wonders of the Heathen were performed. In his writings we are informed concerning the creation of the world, the flood, the manner in which the people were afterwards dispersed, the chiefs who conducted them, &c; from the truths contained in this history, the heathen writers have extracted all their fables. Hence they have gathered all their tales respecting the chaos, the memory of the golden age, the universal deluge, the ark destined to save the human race, the repeopling of the earth by him who alone had seen both worlds, and his three sons who had divided the new world between them, and many others which though a thousand times altered, evidently shew the source whence they spring, and the author from whom they were deduced. From the time, that the Jews were first collected as a body of people, they always regarded Moses and his authority in all matters of public worship to the exclusion of any doctrines which differed from those he prescribed for belief. And at the present time, altho' they are no longer a people, and are dispersed through all the nations of the earth, they hold no authority but that of Moses. It is in vain to reproach them on account of their humiliating condition, to represent to them, that their unhappy situation follows their determined adherence to the law of Moses: against every endeavour to alter their opinions, they cease not in the most religious sense to respect these books, and their author. This is weighty

evidence of the truth of these writings. It is astonishing that the Jews should have preserved them, and their ardent zeal for them never have been abated.

To be assured of the truth of the Jewish writings, a candid attention to their contents will suffice. All through them Moses declares, that he received his orders from God, by him was inspired to write them; and that he revealed to him those laws which he published. He having averred these things must have spoken truth or falsity: the latter is impossible: we cannot without making him the author of the most unheard of deceit, and the most abominable fraud suppose him to be an impostor. But his books or any others coming to us written in the same way, and with the same internal evidence of authenticity must be what they profess to be, divinely inspired.

Every book must be allowed to be revealed from God, which given under that title, is accompanied with miracles and wonders incontestable.

Moses having received a commission from God began to prophecy: he predicted the obstinacy of the king of Egypt, the plagues with which he and his country were to be afflicted and the final success of the Jews. All this came to pass at the appointed time. The most grievous disorders which ever afflicted a nation they experienced: the consummation of the whole was the death of the first born of every living thing through all the land, "from the "first born of Pharoah who sat on the throne, to the first "born of the captive in the dungeon, and all the first "born of cattle." He prophesied that there should be an universal lamentation: "and there was not among all "the Egyptians an house which did not mourn for a "breach made in it by the Lord." The Jews did not partake of the Egyptians' distress. This last affliction was so great that Pharoah who had detained the Jews in slavery permitted them to depart: but repenting of his conduct he journeyed with all the force he could gather together, and pursued them that they might again be reduced into their state of servitude. When the Jews were reduced to the last extremity; God commanded Moses, and he separated the Red Sea: he himself by a miraculous pillar of fire, which to the Jews gave light, but was impervious darkness to the Egyptians, leading them in the midst of night, and when the latter attempted to pursue the Jews, they were all entombed in the depth of the water. In the assembly of the nation there were some rebels, who although they had seen his stupendous works dared to withstand his authority, and to dispute with him and his brother respecting the supreme power. Moses, foreseeing the effects of this audacity, as rebellion against God, accompanied by Aaron and the elders, advanced to the tents of the seditious, and addressed the whole assembly. Numbers, chapter 16.

The miracles of Moses are all true and incontrovertible: six hundred thousand men, besides women and children to the amount of three millions of souls were witnesses of them. The whole kingdom of Egypt had seen or been made acquainted with the wonders performed in that country. These were irrefragable arguments in proof of the truth of his mission. To deny this would be to assert that the eternal God hath given his power into the hands of a seducer purposely to deceive the people whom he guided, and to establish an inevitable snare for all succeeding ages. Those prophecies are authentic and divinely inspired of which the event has justified the verity of the prediction.

If two men both professing to have the gift of foretelling future events, speaking of any specified circumstance, differ materially in what they say; before we determine who is the true prophet, we wait to see the issue. Moses prophesied of many occurrences which afterwards actually were manifested in the world; many hundreds of years before the event confirmed the prophecy. He therefore was certainly inspired with his fore-knowledge from God.

That is considerable evidence of the divine origin of a book, when its assertions are supported by the testimony of posterior writers. If one who bears the sacred character of a prophet, witnesses to the authenticity of any writing, and before he works miracles prophesies that he would do them; it is God himself who works by him, and witnesses in him. Numberless characters testified to the truth of Moses' mission. If we read the prophetical parts of the Old Testament, and the histories of the nations to whom they referred, the truth of the predictions of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, &c. will be apparent: as they lived and wrote long before the events happened; could they have spoken of them with that accuracy and precision if an infallible instructor had not taught them? Isaiah mentioned Cyrus by name, and detailed the actions which he was to perform as the instrument of God, with all the minuteness of history although two hundred years previous to his birth. Daniel relates the fall of Persia, the rise of Alexander, &c.

These prophecies have undergone no alteration. If the Jewish books are divinely inspired, and contain the mind and will of God, he would not permit them to be corrupted. To admit this supposition, would take away every idea of divine providence, and leave the work of God not to be distinguished from that of man. The Jewish reve-

lation never has, never could have been altered. The inviolable attachment of the Jews in all ages to their scriptures was an effectual barrier to every attempt to corrupt the original text. They were obliged in every revolution to recur to these books as containing all which they held authoritative in religion or manners. But if the ardent love the Jews had to their Bible did not hinder its alteration, when was it done? whilst Moses, Joshua, or the Judges lived?—Impossible—When the ten tribes were separated from the other two?—Judah would never have permitted the sin. During the captivity?—The Jews then preserved their scripture with the most religious scrupulosity. When Antiochus profaned the temple?—The Maccabees were its faithful guardians. When many sects dwelt in Judea?—They were each a check upon the other. By whom was it done?—It is impossible that the Levites, the priests, the kings, the people, or that strangers could do this work.—The changes to be alledged in the Jewish volume must fall either upon the miracles, the law, or the prophecies; and neither of these can be justly suspected of having been changed from the time they first were written.

(To be continued.)

Dear Mr. Easy,

Knowing your kindness towards the female part of the creation, it determined me to lay my complaints before you. You must know, that I am the daughter of a country gentleman who has been dead a few months; myself and a maiden aunt determined to prevail on my mamma to move to town, for we had always met with opposition from my papa: as soon as her sorrows seemed a little abated, my aunt opened the subject to her; pointed out the necessity of having her children properly educated in the fashionable mode of dressing, walking, talking, and soforth, so that my mamma consented, and to town we came. Immediately after our arrival our acquaintances came to see us; the younger part began immediately to new-model me, and give a few necessary instructions; such, as who was the most fashionable wigmaker, milliner, mantuamaker, and soforth, and declared I would be quite a new creature after being a few weeks under their hands; that I would scarce know myself, for it was exactly the case with themselves. Dear Mr. Easy, how my heart palpitated at the thought of being so changed; for just think how I must have felt at seeing females of fourteen, although they were not so old as myself—and I am turned of fifteen—as great women as mamma; and I declare they can give their opinion with as much ease as possible before people as old again as themselves without blushing.

I set about making necessary arrangements, not fearing the least opposition; but would you believe it, Mr. Easy, I am constantly meeting with opposition. I came down stairs the other day ready dressed to go on a visit, when my mamma rose from her chair, and turning me round, exclaimed—why child you are surely dressed to take a part on a mountebank stage. I replied no dear mamma, it's quite the ton, I assure you. Well, said she, this dress does not correspond with the ideas I have of a decent female dress; therefore I desire you will return to your chamber and make such alterations as I shall point out, or you must stay at home. My shawl must be folded square; my coquette must be worn strait; the sleeve of my gown must be down nearly to my elbow, my bosom must be covered. And I declare the other day I was forced to stay at home because my petticoats drag—would you believe it, sir, my mamma insists that they shall be cut round; what a figure I shall be, to have the heel of my shoe vulgarly exposed; I cannot bear it much longer, I assure you; therefore do Mr. Easy, as the "Post" man has been so kind to the gentlemen as to give them a receipt for a beau, help us a little, by giving a receipt for a belle. You are a great favourite with my mamma, and any thing through the Companion would have great weight with her, as she constantly reads it. Be sure and tell us the exact length of the shawl; whether the bosom ought to be covered or not; the length of the sleeve, whether the petticoats ought to drag or not. Dear Mr. Easy, be as expeditious as possible.

Yours sincerely,

PRISCILLA PARSONS.

SELECTIONS.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

"——They little know of human-kind
"That doubt their operation." DOUGLAS.

The equipment of the exterior is much more necessary to our success in life, than people are apt to believe. Intrinsic merit is not so sovereign a recommendation to the world as exterior appearance. If a prepossession in our favour is obtained, it supplies the want of every other merit; and like the man, "who, by having the name of rising early, may lie in bed the whole day," we may arrogate to ourselves the praise of virtues with which we are unacquainted. In all the appendages of dress which serve to give importance to the figure, there is none so consequential and necessary as—*a Pair of Spectacles.*—A man may be intelligent, contemplative, and learned—

he may be studious, grave and solitary—his eyes may be sunk with the severity of midnight lucubration; but he only can give a full impression to spectators of his sagacity and profound erudition, by the striking effect of a *Pair of Spectacles*. The unwieldy size and uncouth formation of a man may serve to introduce him to notice. Dr. Johnson has received peculiar benefits from it, and others may be equally successful; but art may still add to the disproportions of nature, and render the whole man more eminently conspicuous, by the judicious application of *a Pair of Spectacles*. A man is never taken notice of in the literary world, till he informs the public, by wearing *a Pair of Spectacles*, that he has injured his eye-sight by poring over his books. He then receives the credit of a scholar, and a learned man. His decisions in criticism are admitted without investigation—his dogmatical remarks without suspicion. Nothing but *a Pair of Spectacles* could entitle him to this patronage and distinction; for out of the small number of great men who give encouragement to literature, how few are there who either have the skill, or take the trouble to discover true merit in its modest retirement!—How few are those who, not being guided by vanity, pass over the specious *owls* of public opinion, and "undergo the fatigue of thinking for themselves!" *A Pair of Spectacles* having wormed a man into estimation, he becomes an object worthy the ambition of a man whose whole view, in protecting men of letters, is to acquire the character of a Mæcenas. *A Pair of Spectacles* also recommends a man who has not yet acquired fame, to the favour of that person whose passion leads him to raise unknown merit from its obscurity, and cherish it in the sunshine of his favour; but who has not penetration enough to discover the depth of the organs behind the optic. In short *a Pair of Spectacles* are the only blazon by which a man can convey to the public information of his worth: the only trumpet with which he can bespeak respect, by announcing his merits; and the only film with which he can overshadow the eyes of men, and make them blind to his real defects.

STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A SPANISH WOMAN.

Every one will recollect the remarkable story of Androcles and the Numidian Lion, related by Dion Cassius, and inserted in the 139th number of the Guardian; but the gratitude of a lioness to a Spanish woman in the province of Paraguay, as extracted from the Spanish historians, by the Abbe Raynal, is much less known, and our readers may perhaps think it an agreeable counter-part to the adventure of the Roman slave.

When the Spaniards first laid the foundation of Buenos Ayres, in 1535, the new colony wanted provisions. All who attempted to procure them were murdered by the savages; but it became necessary to forbid any one, upon pain of death, from going beyond the limits of the new settlement.

A woman, whom hunger had certainly inspired with resolution to brave the fear of death, eluded the vigilance of the guards who were posted round the colony, to preserve it from the dangers it was exposed to in consequence of the famine. Maldonata, for such was the name of the fugitive, having wandered about for some time in unknown and unfrequented roads, entered a cave to repose herself. A lioness whom she met with there, filled her with extreme terror, which was soon changed into surprise, when she perceived this formidable animal approaching her with signs of fear, and then caressing and licking her hands with mournful cries, rather calculated to excite compassion than dread. Maldonata soon perceived that the lioness was with whelp, and that her groans were the complaints of a dam who calls for help to get rid of her burden. Maldonata was inspired with courage, and assisted the efforts of nature in that painful moment, when she seems reluctantly to give life to all beings, which they are to enjoy for so short a time. The lioness, being safely delivered, soon went out in quest of provision, which she brought and laid at the feet of her benefactress. She daily shared it with the little whelps, who, brought into life by her assistance, and bred up with her, seemed by their playful and harmles bites to acknowledge an obligation, which their dam repaid with the tenderest marks of attention. But when they grew bigger and found themselves impelled by natural instinct to seek their own prey, and sufficiently strong to seize and devour it, the family dispersed in the woods; and the lioness, who was no longer called to the cave by maternal tenderness, disappeared likewise to roam about the forest, which her hunger daily depopulated.

Maldonata, alone and without sustenance, was forced to quit a cavern which was an object of terror to so many living creatures, but which her pity had made a place of safety for her. She now felt with sorrow the want of a society, that had been of such signal service to her; she did not wander for any considerable time, before she fell into the hands of the savages. She had been fed by a lioness, and was made a slave my men. She was soon afterwards retaken by the Spaniards, who brought her back to Buenos Ayres. The commandant, more savage than the lions or the wild Indians, did not think her sufficiently punished

for her flight by all the dangers and miseries she had endured: he had the cruelty to order her to be tied to a tree in the middle of a wood, and there left to starve, or to be devoured by wild beasts.

Two days after, some soldiers went to see what had become of the unhappy victim. They found her alive, surrounded with hungry tygers, who were eager to devour her, but were kept at a distance by a lioness who lay at her feet with her whelps. This sight struck the soldiers motionless with pity and terror. When the lioness saw them, she withdrew from the tree, as if to make room for them to unbind her benefactress: but when they took her away, the animal followed slowly at some distance, endeavoring to confirm by her caresses and tender complaints, the wonders of gratitude which the woman was relating to her deliverers. The lioness with her whelps for some time followed her footsteps, shewing all the same marks of regret and affliction, that a disconsolate family express when they attend a beloved father or son, who is going to embark for America, from whence he may never return.

The commandant was informed of the whole adventure by his soldiers; and this example of gratitude in an animal so ferocious, awakened in him those feelings which his savage heart had undoubtedly lost in crossing the seas, and he suffered a woman to live, who had been so visibly protected by heaven.

HOPE OF FUTURITY.

AN EARNEST ADDRESS TO AN INCREDULOUS FRIEND.

"'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

An extraordinary sensation obscures my mind, when any process of sophistic reasoning snatches from me for a moment the hope of futurity, and incloses it within the narrow boundary of this life. I then feel that every thing is lost in me. I have no longer any confidence in myself. I tremble at the thought of being for ever seperated from my friend. It seems that his countenance becomes pale, that his voice is lost in the gloom that surrounds me. I see him placed on the brink of an abyss. Every moment in which I speak to him, appears to me the last, since one must arrive to finish our intercourse for ever, and my soul experiences the agitation of fear, instead of the enjoyment of friendship.

But, oh! how my affection is strengthened! How it elevates us, when two souls mutually animate each other, to place their trust in the supreme being. Friend of my heart, do not resist the consolation which religion can afford. If it is not possible for thy mind to be convinced on this subject by positive argument: our sensibility can teach us all that is necessary to be known. Take but a slight survey of human destiny; you will there perceive only a few delightful moments of youth and happiness, followed by a length of declining years, which conduct from sorrow to sorrow and from terror to terror, until the whole is closed by the awful hand of death. Hope is of all things most necessary to man, and yet his existence, after his twenty-fifth year, consists only of a series of days, of which the present is always better than the next. He wishes to pause when he finds himself on the declivity of life; he clings to each twig, in order that his steps may carry him less rapidly towards old age and the grave. He incessantly dreads the period for which the imagination is formed, the only one from which it never can be detached, futurity. Oh! my friend, is this all the use of life? Is this soul of fire given to us for no purpose, but to be slowly extinguished in the agony of age?

By the faculty of loving I am enabled to feel within me the immortal source of life. What! shall my ashes be laid near thine without the hope of reviving? shall we, for ever, be strangers to that nature which speaks so powerfully to the soul! Shall that magnificent sky, whose aspect excites so many noble sentiments, and sublime ideas! shall those brilliant stars of night and of day, arise on our tomb, as they rose on our happiest hours, and nothing of us remain to admire them! No, friend of my heart, the idea of annihilation is as dreadful to me as that of guilt, and the same conscience teaches me to abhor both.

But how melancholy must be my ho e, if you do not partake of it? What idea can my imagination afford me of happiness, if it is not to be enjoyed with you? Oh! my friend, believe with me, that I may hope in peace; that I may follow thy brilliant course in that heaven, where my eyes seek thy place before they aspire to mine.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Ancient history relates, that Zeuxis a celebrated painter of Heraclea, died of a fit of laughter at the sight of an old woman of his own drawing. But for people to be ready to expire with laughing at their own conceits and expressions, we have innumerable modern instances.

"Hah! hah! hah! hah! hah!—I'll tell you what I laugh at. I said the best thing t'other day, that you ever heard, hah! hah! hah!—says I to my brother——only mind—Hah! hah! hah! I says," says I "I saw a most terrible wind yesterday"—"Saw a wind!" says my brother—"'tis the first time I ever heard of a wind being

seen ;" Hah! hah! hah! and so says he, Hah! hah! hah! hah! " Pray, if you did see the wind, what was it like?" What was it like? Hah! hah! hah!—now mind—Hah hah! hah! " What was it like?" says I—" Aye, what was it like," says he—" Why it was like to blow my house down," says I —" Hah! hah! hah! hah! oh! oh! oh! oh!"

These gigling, smilling, tittering, grinning, risible gentry, when in company with a man of genuine wit and humour, continually tease him to be comical. They address him in this manner—

" Come now, do tell us someting droll to make us laugh, will you? d—n it, I tell you what let's play at—To market, my Lord—will you? That's right.—I'll be my Lord—and your name shall be *Cockles*—your's *Pork Griskin*—your's *Sparrowgrass*—your's *John Dorry*—and your's *Mutton Chops, tol der er lol te ti te te you*—Now mind—When my hat's on—I'm my Lady ; and when it's off, I'm my Lord—and for every mistake, a half pint bumper, or a black face."

Having thus diverted himself for some time, and being obliged to swallow several half pints, through his frequent mistakes at the enchanting games of the Dumb Conceit, To Market, my Lord, Questions and Commands, Hot Cockles, Alphabetical Toasts, Dutch Club, Hiding the horse, What's my thought like or Buzz, he is led home with his face blacked, totally insensible, and put to bed to his wife ; who, viewing him the next morning, complains, and frequently gives the following hints—

Somebody,
Some people, and
Other people.

" I'm sure if *some people* go on, in this manner, *somebody* will suffer for it—*Some people* never know what time to come home, and *other people* must be disturbed by *some people* at all hours of the night—That if *some people* have no more sense than to suffer their faces to be blacked, *other people* may be ashamed of such a scandalous behaviour—and that *some people* should be glad to be informed by *some body*"—

" Lord, my dear," says the husband," it was *nobody*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Essay signed W. which was by accident mislaid for sometime, contains sentiments respecting government which however correct they may be, are not suited to the Companion ; we are sorry that this objection exists to prevent its insertion, as it is written with spirit and correctness—we request that the author will favour us with an essay suited to the plan pointed out in the Prospectus of the Companion ; and hope to find him a constant and valuable correspondent.

The descripton of the Lazy Club by a Sluggard bears strong marks of the authors right to that appellation ; the writer however appears to be capable if he would exert himself to give us an interresting communication on that subject ; a little attention to correctness and some small alterations in his essay would render it useful and highly amusing.

A Friend to the Fair, is a true friend to society ; he entertains a correct—and surely the popular opinion of the real importance of the companion of a *stickee*,—whose own superabundance of weighty nonsense is the principal cause of his being unable to discern any thing valuable in the female character. If our friend—and we esteem every *Friend to the Fair* as our friend—has not pointed out the true cause of the insipidity of female company, then we know not where to seek it ;—we think he has, and by inserting his esteemed communication, we hope to indue some of the " hair brained" gentry to " *begin to think.*"

The " *last farwell*" is under consideration, we shall attend to the note of the author.

Vario, Leveridge, Molly Good-heart and Oakley are received and will be duly attended to.

Leander's beautiful *Invitation* came too late for the present number, his valuable favors will always be thankfully received.

Solon has not furnished us with such an essay as suits our " plan." We are much pleased with his ingenuity—and confess ourselves not a little instructed by some of his notes ; but what have we to do with politicks?—The Companion neither knows federalists nor democrats ; we fear not the charge of vanity——by professing to instruct and amuse in more essential departmeats of literature.

Several small pieces, such as Orlando, A. Z. Fancy, &c. come not up to the height of mediocrity.

We thank a Reader for his several selections.

Avenger's insinuation cannot be inserted in the Companion—the young gentleman to whom we have reason to think his angry strictures allude was not " guilty of writing those pieces" which have offended him. Neither Jonathan nor the Pedestrian would care much if Avenger's boot was so large as entirly to hide him from view—he may procure such an one, lower himself down into it, fix it on wheels, and *roll* about the town with nothing but his " warlike comb" peeping out at top.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE COMPLAINT.

Ah! now full well I know the reason why,
Philocus shuns the hated Rosa's sight;
At Stella's feet I late o'erheard him sigh,
And tend'rest vows of love and honour plight.

Ah gentle fair! be warn'd by Rosa's fate,
Who once like thee, believed Philoclus true;
Now doom'd to bear in silent grief his hate,
To bid to joy, a long and sad adieu.

Gay, thoughtless youth! how could you thus ensnare
The heart you found from every sorrow free;
Then, still more cruel, leave it to despair,
Which spite of all, yet fondly doats on thee?

Philoclus! dost thou hear thy Rosa's call,
And does no pity dwell within thy breast?
O come! and freely I'll forgive thee all,
One smile from thee, can make me truly blest.

CLARA.

THE TRIFLE.

As Rosa once in sportive humour tri'd,
To cut from paper some amusing toy;
Young Strephon soon the charming maid espi'd,
And laugh'd, satiric laugh'd at her employ.

In pique the blushing maiden thus replied,
From trifle oft' to trifle do I range;
Come sit thee, Strephon, by my vacant side,
I'll then one trifle for another change.

YELSE.

PARODY.

It must be so, Cupid, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing sigh, this anxious doubt,
This blisful hope, to meet my charming girl?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of losing her forever? Why do I fear
My Rival's tongue, and startle at the thought?
'Tis LOVE itself gives rise to these sensations,
And intimates the married state to man.
O married state! thou foe to dissipation!
Through what variety of untry'd comfort,
Through what new joys and raptures must we pass!
A young and happy family before me;
And flattering prospects brighten future life.
Here will I hold. If man has any taste,
(And that he has no one can have a doubt,
Because he loves) he must delight in marriage;
And conjugal affection makes him happy.
But for what purpose dull old Bachelors
Were made, I'm really weary of conjecture—
This mode of reasoning must end my doubts.
Thus am I doubly arm'd. Reason and Truth,
Love and Religion, are both before me.
Those ev'ry moment tell me I am right;
While these inform me marriage must be happy.
The married man secur'd by virtue's shield,
Contemns the harlot, and defies her smiles:
Beauty may fade away, the frame itself
Grow weak with age, and totter tow'rds the grave;
But thou, O virtuous Love! shalt flourish still
Fresh as in youth, despite of meagre death,
And gain a glorious immortality. &.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH SONG.

Je ne vous dirai pas j'aime.

I fear to tell you how I love,
Lest rank and wealth my flame reprove,
And yet the God of bland persuasion,
Disregards all rank and station:
When young Adonis told his love,
Venus forgot her seat above:
All hearts must feel the gentle flame,
And when in love all rank's the same.

When I behold bright Julia's charms,
Her face and form and taper arms—
Pattern of nature and of art,
With all the virtues of the heart—
With heaving breast I then confess,
She does alone my heart possess:
Do all I can is then in vain,
My tongue from utterance to restrain.

But should we not our love confess,
Do we thereby its force repress?
Tho' we the tongue with silence seal;
The heart its throbbings will reveal;
For when near her for whom we sigh,
We act and look we know not why,
And if tow'rds you my eyes I turn
Each glance proclaims for you I burn.

FLETA.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO AN INFANT.

Dear babe, whose meaning by fond looks exprest,
Thy only little eloquence, might move
The sternest soul to tenderness and love,
While thus, nor taught by age to fawn, nor drest
In treachery's mask, nor falsehood's glittering vest,
Thou sweetly smilest: at the pleasing sight,
Wretch as I am, unwonted to delight,
A transient gleam of gladness cheers my breast:
Yet soon again bursts forth th' unbidden tear,
And inly bleeds my heart, while I divine
What chilling blasts may nip thy riper year,
What blackening storms may cloud thy life's decline;
What for myself I feel, for thee I fear:
Nay! God forbid my woes should e'er be thine!

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